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XX SURE CURES

"OLD JINGLESON says he can cure any disease by drinking hot water," announced the bald boarder. "He has had every disease that is officially recognized by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons and has banished them all by that simple means."



"Anything becomes a curative agent if a man believes in it hard enough," said the star boarder. "Jasper Jones says he was tormented with rheumatism for ten years, and tried everything of which we read in the almanacs, and nothing did him any good until he got a horse chestnut and carried it around in his pocket. Then the rheumatism disappeared, and hasn't played a return engagement since. I have talked with Jasper often, trying to point out the folly of his claim, but he refuses to yield an inch. I used to have all kinds of rheumatics before I got that horse chestnut," he says, "and now I haven't a single one. Who would ask better proof than that?"

"And echo answers who, my dear Mrs. Jiggers. It may be that a horse chestnut in the hip pocket is a specific for rheumatism. It isn't safe to denounce any theory as a false alarm."

"Ira Grifway used to be always groaning about his diseases, until it became unpleasant to meet him. He couldn't talk about anything else. He ignored the crops and regarded the weather with contempt, and devoted all his great energy and talents to a discussion of the things that were hurting him. Then all of a sudden he began boasting of how hale and hearty he was. He explained that the road to health was absurdly easy, and there was no excuse for sickness anywhere. All a man had to do, he said, was to get up early in the morning, before sunrise, and draw in a hundred long breaths of the crisp morning air."

"He made the discovery himself, and it was more important than any modern invention. His sincerity is shown by the fact that there was no possible graft connected with it. A man can't sell the morning atmosphere at so much per breath. Ira's great discovery was free to everybody. If I were going to invent a cure for anything I'd compound something that could be put up in bottles and sold at a dollar a throw. The man who invents a fresh air cure is running benevolence into the ground."

"His cure was so cheap that I decided to try it, as I was suffering from a broken heart and a sluggish liver at that period. I set my alarm clock for an hour before sunrise, and got up in the pale, bleak dawn, and put my head out of the window to inhale the prescribed hundred breaths. I had reached the twenty-seventh breath when a dissipated bee or wasp, on its way home from a night of revelry, stung me on the nose, and I was in such haste to put a porous plaster on that organ that I didn't finish the treatment, and never tried it again."

"But I—knew many people who claimed they were cured of everything from the mumps, hoof and mouth disease, by the hundred-breaths treatment."

"There was a spring on my father's farm, and I doped it with sulphuric acid and a few other wholesome ingredients, and then began selling the water to the afflicted for ten cents a jug. Some marvelous cures were effected. Men hobbled there on crutches to buy the healing fluid, and when they left they threw their crutches away."

"For a brief session I had more small change than any boy in the county, but my father returned home from a visit, and when he found out what I had been doing, he interviewed me with a hickory pole, and for a year or two I was busy paying back the money I had collected from sufferers. The people who had been healed suffered a relapse as soon as they heard the water was faked; which goes to show, Mrs. Jiggers, that we are entitled to a better quality of butter on this table."

Way of Escape.
Flatbush—"That's a funny thing about a bowlegged man.
Bensonhurst—What's that?
"Why, when he meets a mad dog in a narrow alley he's more bow-legged than ever."

Just Like the Old Home.
Mr. Scrapleigh—Can you give my daughter a home such as she has been accustomed to?
The Sultor—Well, I've got a bull terrier and a fighting cat and a parrot and if that won't do it I know where I can get a chimpanzee.

The Dear Girls.
Dora—Did you see the way that man smiled at me?
Doris—Yes, dear. Let me have a look at your face. Perhaps you've got a smut on your nose!



A GREAT HELP

"I SUPPOSE you do your own washing, ma'am?" inquired the seedy stranger.

"Yes, I do, although I don't see that it's any of your business," replied Mrs. Curfew, with some warmth.



"I suppose you'll be telling me that you're collecting statistics for a government bureau, or maybe for the state board of health. It seems that the authorities are greatly interested in family matters that don't concern them nowadays, and every day or two somebody comes along asking impertinent questions as to how many children I have, and my maiden name before I was married, and whether there's insanity in the family."

"I'm sick and tired of answering such questions. If my old friends want to dig into my family history, I'll give them all the information they want, although I may consider their conundrums in bad taste, but when a perfect stranger comes along and asks me if I do my own washing, I feel that the line must be drawn somewhere. Every jack in office asks questions. It used to be that the assessor would come to the door politely, and inquire how many dogs we kept, and take our estimate of the value of our property without looking as though he knew we ought to be prosecuted for perjury. But now he must know the color of your grandfather's side whiskers, and if you tell him that you keep no dogs he goes out and looks under the house, and in the barn, and when he comes back he warns you that the penalties for giving false information are severe."

"Mr. Curfew says that the next time the assessor comes, he is going to throw him over the back fence and kick him down the alley for a distance of seven blocks, and I hope he'll keep his word."

"I didn't mean to offend you," said the stranger. "I'm introducing a washing powder that saves half the labor, and dispenses with soap altogether. With this marvelous powder a woman can do the week's washing and have her clothes hung on the line, inside of two hours."

"Well, mister, you take a package of your marvelous powder down to the creek, and give yourself a good scrubbing, for you look as though you had been fishing out of somebody's dustbin. Your whiskers are full of sawdust, and your face is covered with grime. If you were introducing bituminous coal, there might be some excuse for your appearance, but a man who is selling washing powder ought to be like the driven snow, or nobody will have confidence in him."

"And I wouldn't have anything to do with your washing powder if you offered to bring me a wagonload for twenty cents. I make my own soap of lye and grease, and although it isn't endorsed by the crowned heads of Europe, or by prelates or vice presidents, it's the best soap ever made, and I know the ingredients are wholesome, even if they don't comprise barks and buds and healing herbs."

"When I use my own soap, I know the things I wash won't be any the worse for it, but the washing powders sold by agents are made of dynamite and lunar caustic, and a garment once washed with them will never be fit to use again."

"Last spring I was feeling too poorly to make the usual batch of soap, so I bought a package of washing powder from an agent who had his pockets full of testimonials showing that he was a man of high moral character. It happened that week that all of Mr. Curfew's white shirts were in the wash. Mr. Curfew is very particular about his shirts. They must be as white as arctic snow, or the way he raves around the house is a disgrace. Well, I wish you could have seen those shirts after they were washed. They had an old gold color, and have been getting yellower ever since, and Mr. Curfew never sits down but he speaks about it and makes things uncomfortable."

"So you had better toddle along and sell your washing powder to some woman who doesn't know how to make good soap."

World's Supply of Nitrates.
The world's viable supply of nitrates is estimated at 2,102,000 tons.

The Type.
"I heard Mabel said when she married that she had selected the very flower of her admirers. To what particular bloom did she liken him?"
"At first she thought he was the pink of perfection, but when the baby came to claim her attention, he was just a mere poppy."

Neptune's Laundry.
"I would like to see the wash of the sea."
"The best time to do that ought to be when you are crossing the line."



THE UNATTAINABLE

"THERE'S a spot on my back, about the size of a postage stamp, that has been itching all day," said the retired merchant, "and it has caused me more grief than the last attack of rheumatism. I can't reach it with either hand, and I have been backing up against every telephone pole and gatepost, rubbing like a horse with the mange. A man of my social and commercial standing doesn't look dignified while thus engaged, but when a man's back itches, he has to defy the conventions, and get relief the best way he can."



"I can understand just how it has worried you," said the hotelkeeper. "The fact that you couldn't reach around and claw the itching place with your fingers kept the matter fresh in your memory and got on your nerves. The pursuit of the unattainable always is more interesting to us than the easier work close to hand. You had your whole person to scratch, and might have bought a currycomb for a quarter, and had a good time, but you couldn't be happy until you had reached the one inaccessible spot."

"A while ago I imagined I had heart disease, and went and saw the doctor. He knows I have money in the bank, and am considered good pay, so he confirmed my worst fears, and made up his mind to have me for his star patient, until one of us perished. He threw an awful scare into me, so that I went home sweating ice cold circus lemonade."

"He gave me some medicines and a lot of instructions. Among them was one to the effect that when I went to bed I should always sleep on my right side. He cautioned me over and over again against laying on my left side, and left the impression that if I disobeyed him, I'd wake up some morning to find myself a candidate for a floral horseshoe."

"That matter looked easy at the time, and I assured the doctor I'd follow his bylaws to the letter. When I went to bed that night, I stretched out on my right side, and in ten minutes I was just suffering to roll over. I don't believe I ever had such a hankering for anything. It seemed to me the height of human happiness would lie in sleeping on one's left side. I followed instructions for two nights, and then I decided that life wasn't worth such sacrifices, and I rolled over and slept on my left side, and nothing happened. I was feeling better than usual next morning when I got up."

"Of course this experience lessened my confidence in the doctor's instructions, and I concluded that if I was going to sidestep the medicines, too, for they tasted like low life in a Chinese alley, and I threw the whole lot out of the window. Thus the sawbones lost his most promising patient because he handed out a rule that wasn't strictly necessary."

"Speaking of the unattainable, do you know what the matter with Silas Furbelow? He has everything a man could ask, a stranger in the town would say. He has a beautiful home and a wife who would be considered a success anywhere, and he has fortunes of money where it will do the most good."

"Yet he has a secret sorrow. I think he's the most melancholy man I ever saw, and his trouble is that he can't raise a good stand of whiskers. Nowadays, when whiskers are considered an infirmity, it seems strange that any man should grieve over such a matter."

"He sends all over the United States for hair growers, and half the time his face is blistered or swollen, and still the whiskers won't grow on him. If some miracle happened, and he woke up some morning to find his countenance all covered with whiskers, he'd probably have them shaved off within a week; but because they won't grow, he won't be happy till he gets them."

Chilean Nitrate Fields.

The nitrate fields, the principal source of Chile's wealth, are limited to a narrow strip of arid desert located on the eastern slope of the coastal range, west of the cordillera of the Andes, at an altitude of from 2,000 to 5,000 feet above sea level, and inland a distance varying from 16 miles in the northern part of the zone to 80 miles in the southern part.

Fellow Artists.

Mr. Pedalbas—I am a musician. I give recitals on the pipe organ.
Mr. Proudfather—That so? I wish you could meet my son. He plays the mouth organ in vaudeville. You organists might be able to help each other.—Columbia State.

Beautiful.

Mary—They say that very wise people are awfully homesy.
Marty (very ardently)—Mary, you're the most beautiful girl in the world.—Cornell Widow.



VARIETIES OF COURAGE

"KERSMITH is an awful coward," said the retired merchant. "He hasn't as much spunk as a chipmunk. This morning I saw a man half his size twist his nose, and he never offered to defend himself. He trembled all over and was covered with a cold sweat."



"And yet, under other circumstances, Kersmith might show all kinds of courage," said the hotelkeeper. "It isn't safe to jump to conclusions about such things. A woman will climb a tree, and shriek for the police if she sees a mouse, and if a real peril comes along, she'll exhibit more courage in five minutes than the average man could dig up in a hundred years."

"There are scores of different kinds of courage in this world, and you can't expect one man to have them all. A man may tremble and cringe when threatened with physical violence, and yet stand up serene and magnificent when the assessor comes to the door, and there's nothing finer than that sort of moral courage."

"There used to be a blacksmith in this town who had a wide reputation as a fire eater. He wasn't afraid of anything, people said. If he heard of a promising bruiser anywhere in the countryside, he couldn't rest until he had mixed things with him. And he didn't ask for purses or other inducements. He engaged in combat just because he loved it, and was happiest when his nose was knocked to one side, and his eyes were bugged up so that he couldn't see whether he was going or coming. He acted the hero on several occasions, rescuing people from burning buildings, and saving gentils who were drowning and his nerve became a byword."

"Well, in the fullness of time his teeth went wrong and his head swelled up until it looked like a squash. He brought about a million things at the drug store, and they wouldn't relieve the pain. The doctor told him he could have his sufferings ended in five minutes by going to the dentist's, but that idea turned him faint. At last he had to go, and the dentist told me he never saw such a doggone coward. That invincible blacksmith just had to be lifted into the operating chair, and as often as he could get his breath, he yelled."

"The dentist's chair takes the starch out of many a brave man. I used to have to frequent it a good deal before I bought these hand-made tortoiseshell teeth, and I saw some moving sights when I was seated in the waiting room. Women would come in there as calm and cool as though they had just stepped in for a dish of ice cream. I have seen a girl graduate sit chatting comfortably until her turn came, and then she'd step into the chamber of horrors without turning a hair; and then some big policeman, who'd think nothing of fighting a revolver duel in the dark with a burglar, would come into the waiting room as limp as a dishrag, sweating tea and groaning every time he drew a breath."

"A man might easily get a lot of false ideas about courage in the dentist's waiting room."

"That man Kersmith, who stood and permitted a smaller man to twist his nose, has a sort of courage I'd give a lot to own. I've always wished I could make public speeches. I've a lot of pent-up eloquence inside of me that ought to be turned loose for the edification and instruction of the people. But every time I'm called upon for a few timely remarks, I'm scared stiff, and can't say a blamed word. I just gurgle and splutter like a sunstruck lunatic, and hate myself for three weeks after it."

"But when Kersmith is called, he rises without a tremor, and smiles sweetly upon the audience, and goes ahead saying what he has to say as though in his own arm chair by his fireside. I'd be willing to have my nose and ears twisted several times to have his courage."